

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

A WEEK-EVENING-TALK.

In connection with the revival at Congress Street
Methodist Episcopal Church, Portland, Me.

BY REV. C. H. FITZLEAD.

I will not trouble you with anything like exposition, or analysis, or logic. I am in a hurry to remind you that you have souls. That is a common thing to say. Yes, but the grandest, and most important truths known to man are common. Man can prove that he has a soul just as easily as he can prove that he has a body. All the proof, outside of the Bible, of either a body or a soul, is based upon phenomena. Besides, man is only conscious of the impressions which the beauty or size of a material object makes upon him, and not of its qualities. He is conscious of the phenomena of soul—conscious of emotion, memory, imagination, will.

You have a soul. This truth is of paramount importance. How insignificant are the truths of history, or science, or literature, compared with this. If you had no soul, what would the boundless universe, and the loving God be to you? You have a soul, friend, the outgoings of which will stir the eternal ages. It may be nothing to you whether the scientist is right or wrong when he tells that the school-boy's bounding rubber ball will shake the "great globe itself," but the falling snow-flake make itself felt in the far-away nooks of creation; but it ought to be to you of the utmost concern to remember that the influence of your soul will be felt, not only along the years of this age, but all along the years of the eternity. Not only the influence of such great souls as Plato and Pascal and Milton and Edwards; not only the influence of desolate souls like Rousseau and Diderot and Mill; will be felt working amid the endless cycles, but the influence of your soul and mine will be felt, adding harmony to the music, and joy to the ecstasy, a sparkle to the brilliancy of the white robes; or hoarseness to the wailing, and gloom to the night, and pangs to the agony of the lost. O! how such a thought stirs the deep places of our nature. O, God, may the influence of every soul in this house, from this moment, be on the side of life and love, and music and heaven.

Christ's unanswered question presses itself into my mind. "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The world is worth something. We have ever said so. Often during this winter, in visiting the poor, have we felt so. It has some little profit for all men. It may have a full purse for the commercialist, and a laurel for the warrior, and an office for the politician, and a ladder for the hungry, and a well for the thirsty, and a garment for the body, and air for the lungs, a light for the eyes, and plenty for all who are willing to work. It has facts for the philosopher about protoplasm, and frogs, and lion-kings, and brain-kings, and tide-waves and star-laws. It has music for the poet—music in the boulder, music in the sere leaves piled in drifts across the path of the bear and the roebuck. To the poetic soul nature is full of idyls and spices and lures and organs and trumpets. The world has a little pleasure for all. It has sensuous pleasure for the animal side. It has intellectual pleasure for the reasoning, logical, scientific side. It has semi-spiritual pleasure for the spiritual side. There is a mystic something, blushing in the rose-tree, and shimmering on the broad sea, and nestling in the mossy glade, and spreading its hallowed glamour over forest and mountain, which somehow speaks to the soul, and may in some sense "point man," as Pope says, "from nature up to nature's God."

But mark, what you have heard ten thousand times, the profits and pleasures of the world are little, fleeting, and unsatisfactory. To-night may the old statement have the emphasis of a thunder storm. It is the experience of the millions all down the years. I knock with the hands of history and biography at the doors of the catacombs and cemeteries of earth, and cry, "tell us, ye mouldering millions, what the profits and pleasures of the world were worth to you?" Hark! I hear a hurricane of voices from the departed millionaires, shouting, in the words of Asa, "worth only a living." Hush! I hear ringing down the night a mighty chorus of answers from those who drained the goblets of earth's pleasures, crying in the language of Chesterfield, "the pleasures of the world are only an opium dream." Yes, souls starve to death on gold, or fame, or pleasure-bubbles. We proclaim it in the name of history and biography. We proclaim it in the name of Cæsar and Milvian and Tamerlane and Voltaire and Sheridan and Byron and Davis and Hook and Pitt and Mill, and the rest who found the world empty. We proclaim it in the name of God. The wells of the world are dry. They "hold no water" to quench spiritual thirst. The bread of the world "satisfieth not." If you had "the whole world" you might be full handed, but your soul would be empty. You know very well that if you had the purse of a Rothschild, the wealth of a Charlemagne, the chair of a Cromwell, the knowledge of a Bacon, the harp of a Milton, the ladder of a Hellogabery, your soul would, starving, cry, "unsatisfied, unsatisfied." Nay more, if it were possible for you to sit upon a throne of one diamond, and sway a sceptre over all the stars, and hang all the garlands of the garlanded in your halls, and store all the gems of the nations in your treasury, your soul, if unsaved, would be dreary and palm-

less, and garlandless and poverty stricken still. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The soul is worth everything. It is the soul that gives man his worth. Soul makes the geologist worth more than the rocks he drills, and the conchologist worth more than the shells he studies, and the ornithologist worth more than the birds he catches, and the farmer worth more than the soil he tills. Soul gives man his greatness. How mighty is the intellectual soul! See it dissecting the rainbow, and translating the sea-palm, and harnessing steam to wheel man round the world, and bidding the thunder-cloud whisper his messages in far-off lands. How mighty is the moral soul! See it in its free and fallen mightiness, rushing over Calvary on its way to hell. It rushes on, spite the blood of Emmanuel, spite the woe of the Holy Ghost, spite the wooing of God; on, on it rushes to "the lake," "the pit," "the wrath to come." I see many of you dashing towards the verge of doom. God has sent me among you to cry "stop." My voice cries, "stop." My heart cries, "stop." All heaven cries, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"

If unconverted, your soul is morally lost already. Sad for the mariner to lose his way on the sea. Sad for the traveler to lose his path in the forest, or on the broad prairie, or on the wild, trackless moor. Sadder for the soul to lose its way to heaven. You have wandered from the great highway. You are shivering on the verge of eternal falling. Don't you realize that you are now, even at this moment, toppling over the precipice? You have lost your centre of gravity. You are going, going. Quick! quick! cry for Jesus to snatch you from the eternal crash. Your case is desperate. To change the figure, you have drunk the sin poison. The death power is in you. Let me run for the Great Physician. Here He is with an antidote. It is "the water of life." Drink it and live. Refuse to drink it, and die.

Your soul may be lost eternally. Do you ask, "what must I do to lose my soul forever?" I will tell you. Are you unconverted, unchanged in heart? Then that will do. Are you Christless, prayerless? Then you are ready enough for hell. Just "neglect" salvation, and you will be lost forever. Just sleep on your oars above the catamaran and sure as the flow of the

eternal plunge will elect the leak, and sink eternally in fiery nether seas. Just neglect the spark, and the wild conflagration will blaze forever. Other fires may burn out—the fires of a lost soul never. "How shall ye escape if ye neglect so great salvation?" You need not redder your hand in human blood, or blight virtue, or fill your coffers with stolen money, or try to tear down Calvary, or neglect the lost. All you have to do is simply to neglect to accept of "Jesus and Him crucified," and your everlasting undoing is secured.

You have only one soul; that finally lost, all is lost. Life, light, hope, everything that makes existence bearable, lost—lost for ever. Heaven lost forever. An endless hell begun, and ever beginning. O! the duration of the agony of a loveless, hopeless, castaway soul. Preachers may talk about old birds wearing out millions of pairs of wings in carrying away continents, atom by atom, but they can give us little idea of the duration of a lost spirit. Poets may sing about stringing together all the sand-grains and the sea-shells, and the pebbles, and the flowers, but their long, long string would have an end. If we could add together all the grass piles that ever grew, and all the snow-flakes that ever fell, and all the leaves that ever fluttered, and all the stars that ever flickered, and call each unit a billion ages, even then how insignificant such a wilderness of ages, compared with the darkening eternities of a lost soul. O! how we shudder before the bare idea of such an endless horror. Well might Robert Hall call upon all nature to mourn at the obsequies of a lost soul. What a catastrophe! Enough, if it happened only once in a hundred years, to hang the world, the universe with weeds of mourning. Thank God it need not happen at all. If lost at last, you go to eternal wrecking in opposition to God's decrees of mercy, and God's scheme of redemption, and God's desire and will. "He is not willing that any should perish." I hear Him crying down the ages, "As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live."

Your soul may be saved. How? By believing and obeying God rather than Satan. You are sinking in the bark of "human depravity." God cries, "leave it and get into the life-boat of redemption." Satan cries, "no, no; you need not leave it; all it wants is a little repairing and painting." God says, "leave it, or sink." Satan says, "remain where you are, and stop up the leak." God says, "escape for thy life. Lay hold on eternal life." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." "Ye must be born again." To shed natural

Believe and obey God without delay. "Life by me unto morning," cried the captain of the sinking "Central America" to the rescue-ship. The morning came, but the "Central" had sunk. Delay may sink your soul in a night ocean that is bottomless. O, my people, accept of Jesus now. We mean now. Hark! Heaven speaks,

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation," Jesus wants your hearts and hands now. He has a right to them. He loves you as no one else does. He died for you. He wants now to fill your soul with the music, and poetry, and sunshine of a sweeter life. Now He wants to write your names in "the Lamb's book of life." I have told you again. If lost, you cannot blame me. Recording angel, put it down. Put down that on Tuesday, the thirteenth of January, eighteen hundred and seventy-four, at twenty-five minutes to nine o'clock at night, I told this people that Jesus came "to seek and to save that which was lost."

O, friends, I cannot give you up. I want you for Jesus. He wants you to be friends of His. He doesn't want you to dash your souls on the rocks of ruin, or fling them out on seas of fire. He wants you in heaven. Will you go? Don't go to perdition. Let your purses drop from your grasp, or your laurel leaves fall from your brow, or your ships moulder in your docks, or your farms turn to waste, if you will; but don't, O don't lose your soul. In the name of heaven's palms and lovers—in the name of hell's inquisitions and soul-racks—in the name of the Jesus of the garden and the cross—in the name of the Judge with thunder on His brow, and lightning in His eye, we cry, do not lose your soul. Decide for God this moment. He would like to save you, and palm you, and crown you. Victory is coming. Hark the Conqueror's tread among us. Sinners are yielding. Saints and angels are singing. New-born souls are shouting. "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." There I hold up a sheet of paper upon which are written as many of the names of the unconverted members of my congregation as I can think of. I have prayed over them and wept over them before God. Father, Father take them all, and write them in the book of life. Friends, will you consent for God to write your names there? Will you consent now? This is an awful moment. Eternal destinies tremble in the balance. Shall it be heaven or hell? Make the choice.

WHILE MEN SLEPT.

Notes of a

Common method of revenge Jesus' day, to oversow with weeds an enemy's field while men slept. But this figure, used by Christ, cannot mean that God ever sleeps. While men slept last night, God's stars shone at the window, the journeying winds performed their autumn task, the sentinels roared and fell. While men slept their hearts beat on the breath of their nostrils came and went, and God turned the rocking globe like the cradle of His children. While men slept, the lamps of the city may have ceased to burn, the faithless roundsmen may have nodded on their beat; that ancient watcher, high on City Hall, may have forgotten to wag his finger and strike the passing hour; but this I know: "The Lord is my keeper, and He that keepeth Israel will neither slumber nor sleep." The emphasis is upon the other part. While men slept there came another. O, late loiterer, you've seen him; O, faithful guardians of the public peace, you've seen him in rooms where thieves plot, and in chambers where politicians scheme. In a whole great city full, beneath the watchful eye of God, what figure from the nether hell sows among us tares while men sleep?

Hell, that kingdom of darkness, is a place of hate—of one long continued quarrel, the sounds of which are heard from day to day, from age to age. There slanderers slander slanderers; there despisers despise despisers; there liars lie to liars, and thieves steal of thieves; haters hate haters, and murderers strive to murder murderers. But at one magic word all hell becomes a unit, and peace for an instant reigns from the black throne to furthest cavern. That word is, "destroy the Man of Calvary!"

It is well for us to remember that the forces of evil in this world are marshaled under a mighty leader. "O," I men say, "it is an inconceivable thing; the idea of a personal devil who is a fallen angel, existing in the realm of an almighty God." But the existence of a personal devil is no more inconceivable than the existence of one bad man in God's realm—no more mysterious than that there should be one rum-seller, one pandarer, or one procurer; or that from the loins of a common parentage, one child should grow up a saint and another a villain. Archangel of the shadow! Archangel of the scar! I know thee; art cruel, art relentless, art crafty, art ardent; never meeting me in open daylight, because thine evil deeds fit darkness. I tear the mask off thee in the presence of those whom thou proposest as thy victims. I flash the light of this Book upon thee. Thou hast an existence, Christ, save us!

Good men and women, upright citizens, do you ever stop to think that there is in this great city in the literal night-time? Go, see the crowds that come from three or four theatres at eleven o'clock at night. From some of them come not the low, wretched rabble, but your daughter, sir, invited to go with your son; and there are not two gladder, more hopeful youth in all the city. The weary business man of thirty years has come for an evening of rest. The country cousins and nuptials must be amused. I am far from denying that there are some things in

Shakespeare which may have been made inspiring by Keene or Cushman, or that it is possible to make a clever burlesque reful and not hurtful, if only it ever had been done; or that there may have been some operas sung whose music is magnificent, the acting of which has been an indifferent circumstance, which may have been inspiring; at any rate, I am not disposed to dull the edge of my own sermon by pronouncing dogmatically concerning what some good men have thought to be an open question. But what have these young people in this city had within the last ten days at your theatres? Plays in which the marriage bond, the foundation of your children's home, which makes it possible for your pure-minded children to respect and love you, is made the butt of a jest before your children's eyes; plays in which the heroine is a false woman, the hero a handsome rake, and a cuckold husband is brought with maudlin tears to forgive and forget such sins against himself as even the Scriptures do not ask him to overlook; plays which, while they do not speak in so many words, imply at least that there is a charm to the life of the "free and easy," by the glamour which they throw over it; plays which even the secular press, from the low standard of morality and guardianship which they have assumed, have felt themselves called upon to rebuke. Think of it, sir, you who have looked your faithful wife in the face until both have grown gray in one long look of love, there are spectacles nightly performed in almost every city which tend to represent you slavishly in bonds. These things were not so a few years ago; and how have they come about? Let us look at the cause.

Last Sabbath evening a young man walked from this church with the music of that last good hymn ringing in his ears. He had company home, of course; and that is well. Church wooing is better than theatre wooing. At length he turns down the wide avenue. How quiet are the streets while men sleep! The dry goods stores, the clothing stores, the toy shops, the markets, all these are closed while business sleeps. Not so the cigar shop; its doors are wide open. Why should these men traffic upon the Sabbath, and not you who keep a market? Who gave these men authority, and when? They were not so a few years ago. Who has done this? The city fathers, little by little, while men slept. Hastily passes along this young man. The corner groceries are closed. The low basement, with its red light and its blue light, is closed; but the drug store is open. I am not complaining of its being open, since it is a necessity as physicians now practice medicine. I am not making indiscriminate charges, since we know many of these men to be good and true; yet it may be truthfully said that at night, and every night, a corner place are closed by the hand of the law, the drug stores of our cities are high-priced wine shops for high-priced customers while men sleep. Still goes on this young man home from church; and now it is late, and he is well down town. Time was when on this side of the river you could walk the city almost over, and never receive the scarlet invitation. But now even the respectable portions of the city are not free from this salutation; and not only in the city, but in the growing suburban cities. Little by little they take the virtues and vices of our great towns while men sleep.

It is often said that trouble makes men better. Not always. The first blush of trouble is Satan's opportunity. When the mechanic is strong, well-paid, and busy with his ten hours a day, Satan has little opportunity with him. But when, through strikes, or hard times, or sickness, he is without work, and poverty threatens him, then, in the dark, Satan says, "drink; I would, and forget it." When a young man has a good situation, is trusted, well paid, and walks briskly in and out from his labor, then Satan comes not to tempt him; but when the bank is obliged to discharge a portion of his help, or the store can get along without him, and he is in the night of want, then Satan says, "give up; I would," and he does.

When a woman is shut in by home and its comforts and ease; when purity shines about her, and strong hands provide for her, then this arch-deceiver never tries to make her disbelieve in the Bible, in the Church, in Christ. At whom, then, does this proud archangel direct his his? Over yonder, four stories, in the tenement house where the poor sewing girl stitches on straw goods for her scanty living. All day long yesterday he vexed her over her task. And as she walked the streets to return her work, meeting her October-dressed sisters, he whispered in her ear, "don't you wish you had such dresses?" And as she passed the many homes of wealth, returning, with the cheerful lights gleaming through plate-glass windows, he hissed in her ear, "you will never have such;" as, reaching the door by dusk, she recoiled like an angel from some rough insult, and feeling wildly up the narrow staircase towards her cheerless room, he still whispered, "where are you that take such great care of yourself? You are nobody;" and now in the room, sharing her scanty earnings with some aged dependent whom her needle is supporting, as she sits down all tear-eyed to read the good Book, coming to this passage, "Beloved, the hairs of your head are all numbered," he hisses again, "it's a lie; it is only the hairs of the rich which are numbered;" till blinded by her tears she says, "my

God! can I not believe the Book?" and the tempter says, "no, you cannot." Times have been when, shutting out the light, kneeling by the window, pressing her hot head against the panes, and looking out over the roof of the great city dim with the night shadow, she has said, "my Father, it is like the night of my life!" Even then, in her very prayers the tempter whispers, "there is no virtue in prayer."

Shame, foul fiend! go, vex an angel, at least a strong man. But I forget; he has no shame, no pity, no compassion; he is an archangel fallen! Watch thou, dear troubled one, still on your knees, till the Day-spring comes and scatters night away.

MOTHER MUNROE AND THE "PERFECTIONIST."

BY MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

"We are not ignorant of his (Satan's) devices."

I love to think of Mother Munroe, who, after a sojourn of about eighty years in and around Boston, recently passed away so triumphantly to paradise. Everybody who knew this good mother in Israel, knew that she was a woman of symmetrical, sturdy piety. That she long professed to love God with all her heart, or in other words, to live in obedience to the first great command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, soul, mind, and strength," no one of the hundreds that knew her need be told. And when we think of our Lord, who has loved us with all His great heart of infinite love, strange indeed that any one redeemed with His blood should ever think of loving Him with less than all the powers of soul, mind and spirit.

But though Mother Munroe professed to enjoy the blessing of perfect love, she abhorred, as all good people should do, the doctrine technically called "perfectionism." Once she received a visit from an errorist of this stamp, who has done, and we fear is still doing, much harm to the cause of true heart holiness. Let us remember Satan has his counterfeits. And how like a true bill may a well executed counterfeit appear. But it is a suggestive thought that no one would ever be at pains to counterfeit notes on a bank of bad repute. Yet, such is the exceeding subtlety of Satan, that the most devoted and earnest disciple may be ensnared by his devices, without the most careful reliance on God for wisdom, and a minute observance of the direction of the written Word. The danger of being beguiled by teachers whose theories may not be in entire conformity with the written Word, is obviously set forth in the following conversation between the one that would be a spiritual guide and Mother Munroe.

"Would you be willing to sin, if you required it, and saw the objection list?"

"No, indeed," quickly responded Mother Munroe.

"Then you are not entirely dead, or you would be willing to do anything that God wants you to do," said the subtle reasoner.

"God never wanted anybody to sin! He hates sin," responded Mother Munroe.

"Why not be willing to sin, if it would be for the glory of God?" exclaimed the reasoner in an expostulating tone.

"No! no! no! It could not be for the glory of God! God never wanted any one to sin."

So exclaimed Mother Munroe, while a feeling of abhorrence possessed her soul, in view of being thus assailed by Satan. She plainly saw that the subtle reasoner would fail, as an angel of light, have infused into her soul the doctrine of devils, and her righteous spirit was vexed in view of the boldness of the attack.

Not quite satisfied with the repulse, and tenuous in yielding, the reasoner continued his questionings.

"Do you ever have any evil thoughts?"

Mother Munroe replied, "that wicked thoughts were sometimes suggested to her mind, but she resisted them by prayer."

He replied, "this is evidence that you are not yet dead. If you had wicked thoughts, they would not be from the devil, for the devil never has anything to do with the soul that is entirely dead."

He then went on to descant on his own experience, and stoutly maintained that Satan had had nothing to do with him during the past fifteen years!

Mother Munroe, perceiving that he who would be her instructor had already been led far in error by his ignorance of Satan's devices, was deeply grieved in spirit. She knew he imagined that he had been led into a higher state, of which he said she might not know until she had also reached the same point, and well knowing how vain her efforts in teaching him would be, she with an air bespeaking dubiousness and sorrow, shook her head significantly, and said "I don't know about that!"

With a look of complacency, and indeed to witness, this would-be teacher of religion remarked, "once you were my teacher, but now I am your spiritual teacher."

And thus, in his self-sufficiency and assumption of superior spiritual knowledge, he turned away from one who had indeed exercised in former years a motherly supervision over him in spiritual things.

Little do we know, after having once become ensnared by the subtleties of the deceiver, how far and how rapid we may proceed in error. How pass-

ing strange that one should go so far as to imagine he could sin to the glory of God, when God by His Word declares that He cannot look upon sin with allowance. Yet, so it was. This errorist had been so far deluded as to imagine that though he had not sinned for fifteen years, and indeed could not sin, yet God for His own glory might do things in him, and by him, which by those not in this (higher state) might be regarded as sinful.

Surely this is in no ordinary degree a doctrine of devils. What more could Satan desire, than that processed Christians assume the ground that they may sin for God's glory. But what awful terms does the God of the Bible denounce those that assume this ground. "He that committeth sin is of the devil!" "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" But says the errorist, "He that is born of God cannot commit sin"—though the act may appear in semblance sinful to those in a lower (?) state, yet in the sight of God they are all His own acts, for "He doeth the work." And what a strange perversion of Scripture is here. God who has said, "Thou shalt not kill," has with equal authority said, "Avoid the appearance of evil." God is not tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man. What a scandal on the pure doctrines of Christianity did Paul regard the slanderous reportings of those who proclaimed it as one of the sayings of the early Christians, "Let us do evil that good may come." So exceedingly injurious to the pure cause of Christ did he regard it, that he pronounced the damnation of such just.

And how should such doctrines be regarded by those who adhere to the blessed doctrine of Christian holiness? Shall we who believe that the express object for which our Saviour endured the cross, was to save His people from their sins, have our forces weakened by a semblance of fellowship with such doctrines? God grant that Zion's HERALD may ever stand out as a faithful admonitor, to give timely warning of Satan's devices. May it ever serve as a faithful and efficient instructor to those who would find the one and only way leading from earth to heaven "I," "the way of holiness," which has been cast up for the ransom of the Lord to walk in. The Bible speaks of a "higher" way, but it teaches the necessity of constant progression in the way of holiness. Neither do the Scriptures give us any authority for the belief that the Holy Spirit will lead us into any "third," or higher state, than may be plainly inferred from the Bible. For one to imagine that the Holy Spirit will lead into a state where he will not need to repeat the Lord's prayer, or beyond which the teachings of the Word may not be specially needful, or lead him into a state of belief for which an explicit "thus saith the Lord" may not be given, is erroneous. And wherever such a device has obtained, whether among ministry or laity, we fearfully, in the name of the Lord, pronounce it a device of Satan.

Our Book Table.

RAILROAD REVIEWS.

THE POET OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE (Osgood) compares with the "Autocrat" as Kit North's "Dies Boreales" compares with his "Notes Ambrosianæ." It is perilous to put oneself in this lean and slippered pantalon. Yet such is our doom. The wonderful success of the first tempted its reduced repetition in the twofold form. The last is calm, clear, forcible, and like the first, fearfully unbelieveable. There is no growth in faith. No light breaks on the mountain top. It is as dark as the tale. His "Alpine Flower" poem is a cry of desolation. Apart from this defect, this old-age volume is full of sharp judgments on men and things, and is not unworthy a place with its youthful and middle-aged fore-runners.

SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN SEAS, by John Boyle O'Reilly (Roberts), is a contribution to the public from the editor of "The Pilot." Editors are rarely poets. This one has a gift that way. His spirit-breasted yachts are a true sailor fashion, all of them of the Southern seas. The measure gets monotonous, and the stories also. The minor poems are searching and wholesome.

MAURICE'S SERMONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER (Hurd & Houghton) is a little volume full of nutriment for soul and mind. It discourses, in his quiet and beatiful way, on all the points involved in this divine prayer, and never hints, as a preacher a year or two later would have done, of the nonsense of having such a prayer at all. The modernist preacher would have dwelt long on "pray ye." Maurice says not a word. Not a word need be said. The book is a good companion to that prayer.

THE FAIR GOD, or, The Last of Tzins, by Low Wallace (Osgood), puts the tale of the fall of Mexico into a more romantic shape than even Prescott does, which is sufficiently romantic. It is pervasively written, but not popularly. It is a good study of history and of Aztec character, of the land of Anahuac, and the beautiful plain of Mexico. It does not sufficiently consider the awful curse of that country—their human sacrifices. This wrought its overthrow.

GREG'S LITERARY AND SOCIAL JUDGMENTS (Osgood) is chiefly remarkable for an omitted essay on "The Doom of the Negro Race," especially in the British West Indies. Why the publishers omitted that, is inexplicable. It will drive every one to the English edition. The next edition should contain it. Mr. Greg is a fresh critic of men and women. He cuts up the female novelist of the period as without propriety or morality; asks why in England women are redundant, and wisely urges their voluntary transportation; discourses scintillatingly on Chateaubriand, De Tocqueville, De Stael, and other French writers; and is, withal, a very readable writer.

How Dr. Bartol sparkles in THE RISING FAITH (Roberts). Will he never be dull? It is not faith that is rising, but his wit. His creed is as optimistic as ever. Everything is lovely, and the goose hangs just the right height in his theology. There is no shady side; what seems so, is only lesser

sunshine. He needs no Bible nor Christ. He is himself both Bible and Christ; and he is very good as well. "I am that I am" he applies to every soul, his own included. He cares for no creed of Christendom—for no ten-hundred religions. "The all the same to Harry Gill" and Cyrus Bartol. He is very bright; so are the falling stars. He once slips in his Bible, speaking of "Hagar, when cast out with Isaac." He would hardly have slipped on Shakespeare. Who ever wishes to be enlightened rather than edified—a play of summer lightning, soft and not harmless—let him buy "The Rising Faith." A strange device he has lately made, that he has been forty years trying to drive a tumbler through human prejudices and opinions, and does not see light yet; and he never will, for he is boring straight downwards into the rock of divine, revealed truth. There is no science, any more than there is religion in such tunneling. Let him take the gospel instruments and work on the lines of revelation, and he will soon come to the true light that lighteth every man—the face of Jesus Christ.

SONGS OF THE SUN LANDS, by Joaquim Miller (Roberts), is better than the first volume by being more constrained. It is full of real poetry—the best America has to-day, so far as imagination and rhythm go. Long-fellow must look to his laurels of melody. Miller will snatch that crown. Forcible the first verse is—

"Primal forests! Virgin soil!
That Saxon bath not ravished yet,
Lo, peep on peak in columns set,
In stepping stairs that reach to God."

He sees that same horrid woodcutter, and strikes at him; but all in vain. How rich this line is—

"The passionate sun and the resolute sea."

And this for rhythm:—

"There never were measures as true as the sun;

The sea hath a song that is passingly sweet;
And yet they repeat and repeat, and repeat."

The second volume is the new years run.

The best poems are "Olive Leaves," dedicated to a deceased brother, who said:—

"Mid all your songs for men, one song for God."

They are of Palestine, and are fair and tender, and almost devout. How delicate these on the "Hymns Sung at the Pass-over":—

"Were they sad with foreboding of sorrows,
Like the bird that sings low when the breeze
Is tip-toe with a tale of to-morrow—
Of earthquakes and slinking of seas?"

"Ah, soft was their song as the waves are,
That the wind sang to the reeds and the sea,
And I, I should say, as the winds are,
That blow by the white gravestones."

The best will live. It is the best of the American of to-day.

Aldrich is the best short story-teller of to-day, and his last stories are his best. MAJORIE DAW, and OTHER PEOPLE, is his latest. The story of "Majorie" for the first time, or "Mlle. Olympe Zabriski," will make somebody else read them. This is the most taking story-book of the season.

AFTERMATH, by H. O. Longfellow, sings a sweet song; but the drying even, we feel. But forty years of fame make one feel old. Yet why? Never was his brain clearer, his ear more sensitive to sweet sounds, his mind tenderer or stronger. Here are some of his best: "Elizabeth," for instance, and "Skanderberg." May he write yet a hundred such songs. Surely he is the poet of the heart. Miller will not yet take his crown, nor any junior. May he long wear it, and after "Aftermath" give us "Indian Summer," "Thanksgiving," "Christmas," and even "The New Year."

THE ARENA AND THE THRONE, by Prof. Townsend (Lee & Shepard), is a spicy contribution to modern theology—almost, if not quite, a theological romance. It discusses the inhabitation of other worlds, proving (1) that none but this is inhabited by flesh and blood spirits, illustrating the conflict of such spirits with good and evil by Judas, the defeated, and Job, the triumphant, and concluding with a portrait of the King, in which an attempt to dissect Christ is more venturesome than successful. "Believe, but don't go into particulars," Sara Coleridge's advice should be followed here. Why stand ye gazing up into heaven? is the subtitle to other scrutiny of the divine nature and mystery of the Son of God. Better leave these questions alone. Yet everybody will meddle with them, and this is as good, and no better than the rest. "Judas" is the most powerfully drawn. It is a fearful portrait of lost man. This is a racy work, which will harm no discriminating reader, but, contrariwise, bless. Buy, read and enjoy.

Very sad are Howell's poems, and very sweet. His first will shock those who still believe color a bar to society, as it tells in plaintive hexameters, how

A beautiful woman, with just enough blood to make her eyes and her hair to make her face known to the trader,

was gambled off by her "husband," on the Ohio, and jumped under the wheel rather than be transferred to her new owner. A tale of past horrors, all too true, "race," as one of her hardy distinguishable from a white lady, was not white! His poems have pleasant turns. Pretty and plaintive this:—

"Once on my mother's breast, a child, I crept,
Holding my breath,
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering and wept."

At the dark mystery of death.

"Weary and sad, and worn with all unrest,
Spent with the strife,
O mother, let me weep upon thy breast
At the sad mystery of life."

Very rare are Field's MEMORIES OF MANY MEN (Harpers). They scamper over a score and more years, and many scores of mighty men. Whoever takes it up will not let it down unread.

NORMANDY PICTURESQUE (J. R. Osgood) quaintly paints quaint Normandy, of England and modern civilization, yet still as unimagined as any other old grandmother, whose bustling children and children's children do not alter her cap, or chatter on narrow and home-keeping ideas. Just the book for a pocket is this.

AMONG THE ISLE OF SHOALS, by Cella Thaxter, is a sober baby of a book, a tale of Portsmouth, a north coast of Boston book, as so many sea books are. It will be well to get into it, if only as a whetstone of the appetite for the coming summer.

NEW MUSIC. From O. Dison & Co.: "O, Call Me to Thy Side Again," Squire; "The Skipper's Wife," song and chorus, by Louisa Grey; "Angels, My Loved One Keep," arranged by Chas. Pratt, words by Geo

HERALD CALENDAR.

Woman's Missionary Meeting, at Dover, N. H., Feb. 25
Fall River District Conference, at East Weymouth, commencing eve., Feb. 28
Bangor District Conference, at Winterport, Me., March 10
Portland District Conference, at Gorham, Me., March 22-25

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1874.

THE REVIVAL HOUR.

There is more than ordinary religious interest in all the evangelical Churches. We do not hear of any general work, like the very remarkable interest now witnessed in Scotland, filling the churches with immense crowds, awakening powerful impressions, and attended with large numbers of conversions. This remarkable revival in Edinburgh and its vicinity commands the attention and enjoys the personal labors of the leading Presbyterian clergymen, as well as those of the American evangelists who have been conspicuous in it. It overflows these honored ministers by its solemn power and its wide extent. Many of the scenes that have been witnessed there almost approached Pentecost in spiritual power. On one Sunday evening services were held in the Corn Exchange, the largest hall in the city, capable of holding, without seats, between five and six thousand people. Six thousand tickets were issued to the workmen of Edinburgh, none but men being admitted on this occasion. The hall was thronged. Several ministers, with Mr. Moody, addressed this immense company, and the Jubilee Singers sang a few of their solemn and most pathetic songs. The audience was powerfully affected. Those that wished to hear more of Christ, and to share in Christian prayers at the close of the meeting, were invited to the neighboring Free Assembly Hall, and seven hundred men pressed their way to this second service. As they could not be spoken to personally, after a short address, all who were really in earnest, and desirous of knowing Christ as a personal Saviour, were invited to stand up. Nearly every person in the room rose to his feet. This interest is spreading over Scotland, and awakening great attention throughout Great Britain.

The work takes a more local form with us. In some places, as at Hyde Park, in this vicinity, it has assumed such an impressive power as to be felt throughout the community, and causes even the calls of business to be disregarded in the profounder interest felt in spiritual things.

There is one very important truth that should receive its proper consideration at this time. The character and permanence of a revival, in any locality, will be largely determined by the spiritual condition of the Church existing there. Unless the professed members of this body become thoroughly aroused, and enter heartily into the work; unless they are renewed in the spirit of their minds, and become consecrated examples of holy living and faithful personal service in the Master's vineyard, the new disciples will soon fall back to the established religious level, lose all their spiritual enthusiasm, and, after a short period, lapse into distracting doubts and painful discouragements. They will then wonder, in hours of temptation, how, on so small a basis, they were induced to make so wide and definite a profession of faith, and of a new spiritual birth. They will soon have serious doubts of the reality of their own previous experience. The reason why so many very encouraging revivals have, after a year or two, left hardly a trace of their presence behind, is to be found here. The Church itself was not recovered from a backslidden state, and the young converts were soon chilled to death.

It is sometimes brought as a serious charge against certain evangelists, that they do not give proper prominence to their services to the condition of those who have made no profession of religion. Probably they fall into an opposite extreme. But this may be said in justification of their course: If they do, indeed, succeed in securing a thoroughly consecrated band of Christian believers, there can be no question as to the ultimate influence of such a revival upon the unconverted. Each holy man becomes a most efficient, constant and fruitful worker in the whole circle of his influence. When the Church in Jerusalem was in prayer, with "one accord," she was then in a condition to receive and instruct the three thousand converts which were given to her.

A Church does not really know how cold she is often until a revival breaks upon her. When the pressure of repeated services, and of calls for personal conversation and prayer with penitent souls begins to be felt, then the formalism and chilliness of the religious life become painfully evident. After a certain period in the cold, the sensation of pain ceases, to return again only by an approach to the fire. The opening services of a true revival often become a Marsh in the history of a Church—a scene of bitter weeping; but such godly penitence is "sure to yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

There are many indications of still greater displays of revival power among us. Many saints have been long praying in secret places for such a condition in the Churches. The local incidents we are permitted to record every week are full of encouragement,

come when justice shall have its full and perfect course. When the States cease openly to acknowledge the Church, then will the Church be obliged to deny recognition to the States. The world will then see a spectacle of terrible devastation, and the governments deceive themselves if they imagine that the masses will stand behind them. Prussia is hastening to a period when the measure of patience must overflow, and it is indeed possible that this patience may cease in just the moment when the monarchy might have the greatest interest in its continuance. May all governments think of this, and in no blind insolence inaugurate a contest which may bring annihilation to them rather than to the Church.

These words show, as plainly as words can, the declaration of war, the basis of operations, the weapons, and the confidence in victory. But Geneva has succeeded in making it a little too hot for these disturbers of the peace of nations, and they and their mouthpieces are retreating to more congenial climes. And now, to show how liberal is this Protestant Rome to all shades of opinion, so long as they do not assume to force their doctrines down the throats of others, we would call attention to the fact that scarcely any of the tendencies of modern partisans or philanthropists have been without a showing within its walls. It is the asylum of the persecuted of all nations, so long as they seek it as a refuge or arena of discussion. From the period of the Reformation, down to the days of the modern Commune, it has afforded refuge to the exiled and persecuted from all nations, and that in the face of the most pressing demands from other nations for their extradition.

Being thus made the centre of conflicting thought, it has witnessed the most important political contests known to history. The Russians have met there to discuss their wrongs, as have the Poles; and so have the Internationalists and the Communists. And it has far more often been the scene of peaceful than of warlike efforts. Just after our own great war, and previous to the recent ones between Germany and her foes, there assembled in Geneva the famous convention of the "Red Cross," with a view to introduce neutrality in war in regard to the sick and wounded; and another convention of nations is now proposed, with the aim of extending a like care to the prisoners of war, that no more Richmond prisons and Andersonvilles may be possible.

But a few months ago our own famous arbitration with England was held within the walls of the Protestant Rome, and a peace convention was lately held there, in the laudable effort of doing away with all war among civilized nations. In contrast with the privileges afforded in this line in Catholic Rome, and we see that if Geneva felt herself forced to bid the Jesuits begone, while so many agitators may stay, it was because there was no living in peace with them.

LETTER FROM FLORIDA.

BY D. D. WHEEDON, D. D.

ARLINGTON, Florida, Jan. 28, 1874.

DEAR BRO. EDITOR:—I am writing to you in sweet tranquility from the Terra Florida, the Flowery Land. I have crossed, not the Jordan, but the St. Johns; and am looking back for a few moments upon my frigid terrestrial of the North. There are, indeed, here no fields arrayed in living green. But here in midwinter the roses are budding and blooming in the doorway, the pea is blossoming in the garden, the violet peeps out in the fields, and the dark green glossy foliage of the orange tree is thickly studded with its golden fruitage. From the height of this, our winter paradise, we of course look down in pity upon you hyperboreans. Poor fellows! A dreary endowment of self-esteem, well cultivated, may make you imagine yourselves contented, and even happy among the frozen and thaws, the fogs and sleets of Boston. And it may be ungenerous to disturb the happiness even of such indolent vanity. Be assured that if I do so, it is not in contempt, but in pity. I have led, and am prepared to show the way to a happier clime.

The window at which I write overlooks the "bluff," which overlooks the broad sheet of the dark blue waters of the St. Johns, across which the eye is directed towards Jacksonville, the chief city of Florida, two miles distant. Our funny little joke of a steamer is approaching our wharf. It plies between Jacksonville and Arlington four times a day, so that we are both rural and suburban. It is now bringing the mail of our "Home" from Jacksonville; and so it is a link of communication between the HERALD and your humble correspondent. Around our "Home" extends a grove of evergreen live-oaks, the glory of the South, spreading their giant limbs abroad, from which hang long way-vee-green pendulous mosses, looking like the beards of so many ancient patriarchs. In our rear is a magnificent forest of pines. The southern pine does not put out its limbs very near the ground, it shoots up a clean shaft to nearly fifty feet high, and then spreads, parasol-fashion, at the top. There is an exquisite solemnity in walking towards evening through the silent pine plains, from whose floor rises a colonnade of myriads of pillars, as if supporting the roof of a boundless temple. It is many a year ago, in my boyhood, that I was accustomed to walk with a similar feel-

ing over similar "plains" by the banks of the Genesee, below Rochester, N. Y.; and the recollection brings up a whole host of buried memories. On our grounds are a few orange trees laden with fruit. In the whole world of trees what is more beautiful? The orange indeed, here, with its golden globes set in the glossy green foliage, is the very child of the southern sun, begotten in his own form and color. Lovers of that fruit (I am not one) say that the Northerner does not know what the true taste of the orange is, and the Florida orange claims that in due season it will ride the northern market. Like everything else in Florida, the orange culture is undeveloped. There are but few orange orchards in the State. The fruits are all absorbed, as yet, short of New York. But Florida says that the day is coming when her orange will overshadow the New York and Boston trade. During my journey from New York to Jacksonville I persistently wore my "arctic" overshoe and overcoat; but on arriving here, January 19, I doffed them both, and walked from my hotel to the post-office in simple citizen's dress. While here the weather has ranged from a mild northern November to May and June. Our thermometer has mounted as high as eighty degrees. As a usual thing I wear an autumn overcoat and rubber sandals. This, however, the garb necessary much of the time only to a sensitive semi-invalid. Yet every prudent man during the central winter months retains his winter clothing, and avoids too thin a raiment, even under the temptations of the midday sun.

The current of annual travel from the North to Florida has become an established institution. Forty or fifty thousand visitors are claimed to have arrived last year; and owing to the "panic" they are perceptibly fewer this year. They consist of invalids, tourists, pleasure-seekers, and investors. Railroad companies take due notice of the fact, and every year the route is shortening, the facilities improving, and the fare cheapening. Hotels and boarding-houses, furnished and conducted in northern style, are rapidly springing up. The northern visitor, so far from being repelled, is welcomed and treated with marked respect. Jacksonville is to all appearance a northern town.

The "Home" I speak of, and where I am stopping, on the St. Johns, opposite Jacksonville, is a place started by northerners, somewhat on the plan of Martha's Vineyard and Sea Cliff. It is said to be naturally about the most beautiful spot for the purpose in Florida. Its design is to establish a community, excluding the vicious and undesirable classes of population, and exempt from the extravagant charges of hotel life. It is a sunny clime to other than millions. The grounds are beautifully laid out into lots, a goodly number of which have been taken. The purpose is to erect a central hotel for boarders. The enterprise, like many other projects, has been checked by "the panic." The land was purchased from a gentleman, resident near by, formerly a slaveholder. His former buildings have, for the present year, been fitted up for boarders. The "Home" is under the present superintendence of George McCord, esp., of Brooklyn, to whom the letters of persons desirous of making inquiries with purpose of visit or investment should be addressed, at Jacksonville.

Your noble friend, Dr. Torrey, President of Maine Wesleyan Seminary, is here. He indulges extensively in Nimbodism. He wisely indulges, also, that unique humor, by which he sets the circle into genial laughter without deigning a smile himself. He is, we trust, so "mending his nets" as to enjoy many a year of public service yet. Dr. Stevens is in Jacksonville, whose little "northern" Methodist church has more than once been edified by his ministrations. Bishop Haven and Dr. Dashiell are announced by the Jacksonville papers as to visit the place next week. The visitations of such men to our Bishops and our popular Missionary and Sunday-school Secretaries, are a powerful aid to the impress of our Church upon the South. Dr. Duryea, of Brooklyn, and George Herbert McCord, the distinguished artist, son of the superintendent of our "Home," are announced as to be here in a few days.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

We were both surprised and gratified to read the appreciative and generous editorial in the Boston Advertiser, of last Thursday, upon the remarkable temperance revival now sweeping over Ohio. It certainly is one of the most effective prohibitory movements of which we have ever read. And yet the Advertiser, certainly not prejudiced in favor of prohibitory measures, truly says that it "seems like a revolt of Christian society against dangers too long tolerated." That is just what it is; and the prohibitory law of Massachusetts is the simple crystallization into a statute of the indignation and determination of an intelligent community, which has been afflicted with an unendurable burden "too long tolerated." To gratify the selfishness and greed of a body of men, and the perilsous appetites of their victims, our whole social structure must be demoralized, our youth constantly solicited with temptation, and society oppressed with a fearful increase of taxation for crime and poverty.

The movement in Ohio is becoming so general as to command the respect of the secular press, and to awaken the anxieties of the "liquor trade." The

first ladies of the State have entered with great enthusiasm and devotion into this "crusade." The Cincinnati Gazette very graphically describes a scene lately witnessed in Hillsboro:—

"Turning a corner on last Saturday forenoon, I came unexpectedly upon some fifty women kneeling on the pavement and stone steps before this store. A daughter of a former governor of Ohio was leading in prayer. Surrounding her were the mothers, wives and daughters of former Congressmen and legislators, of our lawyers, physicians, bankers, ministers, leading business men of all kinds. Indeed, there were gathered there representatives from nearly every household of the town. The day was bitterly cold. A piercing north wind swept the streets, piercing us all to the bone. The pliant, tender, earnest tones of that pleading wife and mother arose on the blast, and were carried to every heart within their reach. Passers-by uncovered their heads, for the place whereon they trod was holy ground. The eyes of hardened men filled with tears, and many turned away, saying they could not bear to look on such a sight. Thus the voice of prayer was hushed, the women arose, and began to sing softly a sweet hymn—some old, familiar words and tune—such as our mothers sang to us in childhood's days."

We have been permitted to read the private correspondence of a sister of one of our young ministers in the theological school, giving an account of the progress of the reform in Ripley and Martinsville. It is from the pen of one who has been a personal participant in the work, and is full of heroic martyr-zeal and religious devotion. It is the recital not simply of the natural triumph of womanly sincerity and tenderness over sordid selfishness and brutal appetites, but of a more effectual reformation—the breaking down of hard hearts, the penitential prayers, and the actual conversion of heretofore hardened and reckless men. There is a wonderful method in the movement. Every thing like a breach of the peace is avoided. The aid of established law is not disregarded. The religious men of the place meet to pray during the missionary processions of the women, and the church bells solemnly toll their benediction upon this singular out of door, itinerant service. It certainly is a most remarkable development of the moral female element and power in the community. Without sacrificing, in any degree, her modesty, or stepping beyond the proprieties of her sex, woman has entered upon one of the most thorough evangelistic services ever undertaken. When was it ever attempted before to establish a prayer meeting in every haunt of sin in a town, and to actually seek to purify the streets? We may receive some new ideas in reference to home missionary work in desperate localities before this wonderful temperance reformation has swept by.

The experiment is just on the eve of trial with us. It will be well if we do not neglect this opportunity. It has been a strong element of success. In this portion of the work we can all unite with the Christian women of Worcester in their important and somewhat forbidding service. While the little Church in Jerusalem prayed unceasingly, an angel came down and opened the doors to liberty before the imprisoned Apostle. Prayer will cause to be opened, without human hands, the barred and iron gates to many hearts, and release many souls from a worse bondage to Satan.

Dr. John Vaughan Lewis, who so valiantly challenged Dr. Whedon the other day, in "rising to explain" in the *Churchman*, the grounds of a "floating rumor," that he had "preached a sermon in defense or commendation of Bishop Cummins, or of Methodism," says "ZION'S HERALD already proposes to rectify and improve their own orders by means of this seceder's Episcopate." "Not by any manner of means!" Zion's HERALD proposes no such thing. In a kindly article, written by a brother editor, and distinguished by an initial letter at its close, among other very proper suggestions, he, somewhat playfully (although *The Methodist* interpreted it as down right earnest), intimated that Bishop Cummins, by being received into our Church and elected a Bishop by General Conference, bringing with him all the virtue, if there be any, in the Apostolic succession and ordination of the English branch of the Catholic Church, could remove from the minds of any sensitive Episcopalian believers, who might otherwise desire to become connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, any difficulty of this nature.

The whole article was a good natured, pleasantly argued, but not over-scrupulous invitation to the whole company, forming the new movement under Dr. Cummins, to avoid the multiplication of sects by coming to an already established body, permitting them the fullest liberty in the development of their Protestant Episcopal ideas. Dr. Lewis very amusingly, intimates, that, as "the fact now stands," the virtue of the Apostolic succession has leaked out of Judea into Galilee of the Gentiles, and he does not see how they can help themselves. As it is "salt in itself," he takes comfort in thinking that it will "keep" wherever it goes. He therefore sees no other way but to bid God speed to the reform. He says, generously, that they (the old Church) have no exclusive "fee" in this "secession," which is a "gift of God." They only hold it in trust, and if any other blameless and pious persons set a high enough estimate upon it to receive at their hands the sacred unction, it ought not to be withheld. We have no idea that Bishop Cummins will ever be a Methodist "Superintendent," or that one Methodist minister, preserving his loyalty to his denomination, will ever seek any other "orders" than

those already bestowed upon him by the "laying on of hands."

A very intelligent clerical writer in *The Occident*, a very vigorous Congregational paper of San Francisco, writes an article, a column and a half in length, upon Mrs. Van Cott and her labors in that city. It is the most candid, sensible and appreciative review of the work committed by God into the hands of this remarkable female evangelist that we have read. There is no fulsome praise in it. A clear apprehension of the educational deficiencies and lack of culture on the part of Mrs. Van Cott is exhibited; but at the same time there is shown a manly and Christian perception of the remarkable natural gifts God has bestowed upon her, of the singleness of her motives, of the devotion of her life, of the Christlike spirit she exhibits, and of her wonderful success in winning souls. This writer says, "her teacher has been the Word of God made 'living and powerful' through the Holy Spirit. Some of us have accumulated learning to the neglect of the Spirit of holiness; when, then we meet with persons filled with the Spirit, though inferior to us in knowledge, let us seek to restore the equilibrium of our renewed nature by drawing from them all we can of this electric power. The power of Mrs. Van Cott lies in the fullness she enjoys of the Holy Ghost. She carries with her manifestly the King's seal, the Holy Spirit. In this city, under her loving, simple, earnest ministrations, four hundred souls have been led to ask what they must do to be saved. In the length and breadth of our country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, those hopefully converted during the six years of her ministry, and now living consistent Christian lives, may be counted by thousands."

In *The Religious Herald* of Hartford, Conn., of February 8, is published a particularly able and interesting paper, read by Rev. M. M. G. Dana, of Norwich, Conn., before the General Conference of Congregational Churches, held at Middletown last November, on the "relation of our Churches to the spiritual wants of our age." From carefully-collected statistics, it gives a more encouraging representation of the progress of Protestant Christianity throughout the country, in its relation to the increase of population, than is sometimes taken. It discovers a more earnest and consistent life, on the whole, in the Churches, an increased sympathy with all classes of the population, and an aggressiveness in its work peculiarly marking the present era. It properly criticizes the more conspicuous worldly tendencies of the hour in the Churches, but on the whole gives a very grateful and hopeful picture of the *Evangelical Church* of today, throughout the country. The paper would make a very profitable tract for general circulation.

The Young Men's Christian Association has issued a card for united prayer upon the evangelical efforts now put forth throughout the State. These have been greatly quickened by the remarkable work in Scotland. The Y. M. C. A. is now engaged in visiting, by an earnest delegation, with Mr. A. K. Burwell at its head, sixty of the chief cities and towns of the State, and special prayer is asked upon their labors. An appeal for this purpose, signed by conspicuous ministers and editors of all the evangelical Churches, has been generally circulated. We heartily hope and pray that the great work witnessed across the Atlantic may be repeated here.

Henry Ward Beecher has commenced his third series of Yale Lectures on Preaching before the theological students at Yale—the last he delivers under the Lyman Beecher Lectureship. They will be on the doctrines of the Bible. It is very generally thought that Mr. Beecher is not strictly sound on all orthodox questions; and from his introductory remarks it would be inferred that he was now to give to the world his views on some of the vital doctrines which he hardly accepts. His full course of twelve lectures, as reported by Ellenwood, and revised by, or under the direction of Mr. Beecher, is to appear this year in *The College Courier*, the large, official college weekly, published at New Haven, Conn. The subscription price of the paper is \$3.00 per year; any one can secure it, however, for three months, containing all of Beecher's lectures, for \$1.00.

We are obliged to Rev. S. B. Darnell, Principal of "The Cookman School," in Jacksonville, Fla., and Secretary of the Florida Methodist Episcopal Annual Conference, for copies of the *Republican* giving the proceedings of the late session in that city of this body. The services were of unusual interest. The presence and public addresses of Bishop Haven were highly appreciated. The death of Dr. Cobleigh excited profound emotion, and the Conference passed a series of very appropriate and appreciative resolutions. The *Republican* announces a great flow of visitors from the north into the Flowery State this winter. All the trains and steamers arrive and depart from Jacksonville well filled. The hotels and boarding-houses of this city are represented to be in excellent condition, and well patronized.

The literary itemizer of *The Congregationalist* thoughtfully intimates that if ZION'S HERALD will look in its "Dictionary of Quotations" it will find "to the manor born" should be "to the

manner born." The latter is the way it was written as "copy," but a new proof reader, confident that he was right, corrected it twice, and finally had the comfort of having his error revealed after the paper was in press. The latter is, indeed, the correct quotation from Hamlet; but in one of Scott's novels, *Iranhoi*, we believe our consideration credit by examination will find "to the manor born" with one n, expressing, indeed, a different idea from that of the great dramatist, but one in accordance with the article in ZION'S HERALD. One implies a personal participation and familiarity with customs and habits of the persons referred to, the other a hereditary connection with them.

MEXICO.—Bishop Simpson has arrived in Mexico in good health, and with Dr. Butler, is looking after the interests of the mission in that country. That great field is opening finely to our missionaries. Their prospects are most encouraging.

The circumstances connected with the reopening of the Hanover Street Church border upon the marvelous. First, the old Church (the mother Church of Methodism in this city) removed and united with the Grace Church; second, a Conference minister was appointed to the deserted field; third, the gathering of the fragments that would not call after the old spot, the organization of a new Church out of the old materials; and now the return to the old battle-ground.

This event was celebrated Sunday, the 8th inst., by reopening religious services in the main vestry, with a sermon in the morning by Bishop Wiley, in the afternoon by Rev. B. K. Peck, D. D., and in the evening, with the singing of hymns and prayer. Throughout the day the Lord was in His holy temple, and the day closed with the conversion of two souls and the return of a backslider.

On the following Wednesday evening a re-opening Festival was held, at which gathered 700 people, coming from near and far to welcome the return to the hallowed place. Brother Wm. H. Bowen, the post-laudate of the old Church, contributed two original hymns for the occasion; Rev. Mark Trafton read an original poem, entitled a "Wonderful Wedding." This was in best style and humor, and readers will have the opportunity of enjoying its perusal in these columns soon. This young and vigorous Church is attempting to recapture for its present needs. Let all lovers of Zion pray that its light may never grow dim. A.

The following preamble and resolution were adopted by the Preachers' Meeting, February 2, 1874:

F. G. MORRIS, Secretary.

Whereas, it has pleased the authorities of our Church to transfer Rev. R. Parmenter and Rev. John A. Lansing, formerly members of the New England Conference, to the Southern work, therefore

Resolved, That we tender to these beloved brethren, the former long an honored fellow laborer with us, the latter, though younger, approved as a devoted minister of the Lord Jesus, in word and doctrine, mighty in the Scriptures and cherished in the hearts of the people, our Christian and fraternal regards and congratulations; and that we devoutly and earnestly pray that the great Head of the Church will spare them long to toil in the broad and promising fields, whose ample and ebon harvests invite their labors.

We find on our table quite an elaborate pamphlet, of between eighty and ninety pages, entitled, *Caldwell Records*, giving the genealogical record of John and Sarah (Dillingham) Caldwell, of Ipswich, for 250 years. The preparation must have cost the compiler (Rev. Augustine Caldwell, of the New England Conference) a vast deal of labor, for which his patient industry and habits of accuracy eminently qualified him. The work is remarkably interesting withal. Brother Caldwell having incorporated in its pages many valuable as well as interesting historic incidents. We have always associated this family name with more than an ordinary degree of respectability, without any very definite reason, till the compiler's preface page let us into the secret by revealing the fact that the patronymic is a synonym of teetotalism, as a derivative of "cold well," the armorial bearings of the ancient families being wells, fountains, etc.

The British Quarterly for January, published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 140 Fulton Street, N. Y., presents an inviting list of topics, which are considered with its usual substantial good sense. It opens with an entertaining paper upon the ballot, always an attractive theme, reviews favorably, on the whole, Prof. Dawsons' "Earth and Man," and desirous of the "Higher Ministry of Nature," the writer himself entering into late fresh channels of thought upon modern scientific inquiry in its relations to revealed truth. There is a closely reasoned article in this number upon "inductive theology," applying the scientific method to the fundamental truths of religion. A philosophical article follows upon "mind and the science of energy," an excellent paper on the revision of the text of the New Testament, and an article upon the autobiography of John Stuart Mill. The usual very extended reviews of the latest issues from the press conclude the contents. It is full an average number of this solid review.

We have received \$2.50 from one of our subscribers, to enable us to send a copy of the paper for a year to some family not able to pay the subscription, and desirous of enjoying ZION'S HERALD. We have many instances where the paper has been taken for years, but sickness has rendered it impossible to forward the annual subscription. We shall be particularly happy to respond to such in the shape of a receipt for the year. There is still room for more such.

Dr. Tourje has issued a very attractive programme for a series of twenty popular organ recitals, to be given each week, under the auspices of the Theology of Boston University, by Bishop I. W. Wier, D. D. There will be five of these addresses, beginning on Monday, Feb. 23, at Wesleyan Hall, and ending on Friday, Feb. 27. They will be given at 12 M., except on Tuesday, at 10 A. M. The public is cordially invited.

The Daily Constitution of Atlanta, in its editorial notice of the death of Dr. Cobleigh, says, "he was an earnest, conservative and consistent Christian; a terse and elegant writer, and an indefatigable laborer. He assumed the editorial management of the Advocate in June, 1872, and at once changed it from its antagonistic and objectionable ultraism to a dignified and conservative journal. He was largely increasing the usefulness of the Advocate, as well as the circle of its readers, and was winning the esteem of numbers. We have no objection to your sending men from the North, if you send such men as he." His loss is a heavy one to the paper and to the denomination.

DEAF MUTES.—The revival of religion which commenced among the members of the United Society of Deaf Mutes, worshipping in Freeman Place Chapel, Beacon Street, in this city, some weeks ago, shows no diminution of interest, but a decided increase. Thus far, five have come to a knowledge of the faith and have expressed the same. Others are still inquiring the way, and the number is weekly added. Renewed remembrance is asked in behalf of the Society on the part of all lovers of the cause of Christ.

The Rev. C. W. Cushing, having resigned as principal of Lowell Seminary, a committee of trustees has been appointed to provide a suitable person to fill the vacancy.

The Assistant Editor, in resuming his post, after some three weeks of severe illness, desires to express his sense of obligation, under God, to his able and Christian medical attendant, Dr. Chas. Sturtevant, of Hyde Park, to whose skillful and prompt ministrations he attributes his escape from a long typhoid attack. The quick and favorable response of his prescriptions, from first to last, impressed so deeply with Dr. S.'s rare skill in wisely adopting his remedies to the critical phases of his patient, Dr. S. has generously given his services to the Consumptive's Home at Grove Hall for some months past, till his increasing business at home prevented.

NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.

METHUEN.

Massachusetts.—For two and a half weeks union meetings have been held by the two Methodist, the Free Baptist and the Portland Street Baptist societies in Methuen, under the direction of C. J. Fowler, the "evangelist." Services have been held morning, afternoon and evening, in the churches alternately, which have been largely attended. The result is a deep religious feeling throughout the community. Some of the evening meetings were often continued until one, two, and three o'clock in the morning. Men and women seemed for a time carried away by religious fervor. The Young Men's Christian Association has had several important business meetings recently. It is several hundred dollars in debt, caused in part by the course of lectures this winter, under their auspices, proving a failure financially, and in part by the illness in business, many members, and others who heretofore contributed liberally to the support of the association finding it difficult to keep even their own religious societies from debt. Some of the members have thought it best to dissolve the organization, but at a meeting Monday evening it was decided not to do so, but to go forward, and take no backward steps. A large portion of the business men of the city, and the great money panic caused for several weeks an almost entire suspension of business. These have been felt severely by all our societies, yet our overflowing Churches, the great numbers seeking Christ and the higher and better life, and a generous advance in our benevolent collections, show our hearts with thanksgiving to God, and indicate both spiritual and financial prosperity.

Another auxiliary to the New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has been organized. Notwithstanding the fearfully slippery sidewalks Wednesday evening, January 23, a goodly number assembled in the chapel where the Washington Street Church worships, to hear the workings of this society. Mrs. L. H. Daggett gave a sketch of its origin and operations; Mrs. B. Russell followed with well-chosen remarks upon the open field and woman's opportunity; Mrs. J. B. Lum, followed with a very forcible and practical address to the women to add to their home duties a helping hand for their brethren. Seventeen helpers were secured at a dollar each, and twenty-one *Heavenly Woman's Friend* subscribers for.

This auxiliary is devoted to the Ladies' Sewing Society, and requires no extra meetings; and its able committee can offer any items of interest, or readings at any time, while its finances are especially adapted for the support of the Society.

South Shore.—Methodism is more than holding its own in that peculiarly hard field of the Old Colony bordering Boston Bay. At East Weymouth, where a strong Church, and Brother Elm is now holding promising extra meetings. Death has recently taken a darling babe from the pastor's home.

At Hingham there are evident signs of vitality. The incubus of their debt having been removed, the standing of Methodism has improved. Rev. C. S. Nutter is laboring efficiently in Scituate, serving the second year as superintendent of public schools. A fine-tuned bell and clock for the tower have recently been secured.

North Chatham seems charged with the special mission of feeding the pampered appetites of the city people, who escape to her sweet shores every summer. Methodism thus represents herself to many who otherwise would never know her merits.

At East Abington, in the spirit of Isaac, they are redigging "the wells of water which they had digged in the days of the fathers." Like him, too, in their third effort they find that "the well had made room for them." At the recent semi-centennial reunion, Dr. Pelree preached, and at the conclusion a grand fill, for these panicle times, was given on the church debt, upwards of \$1,000 being pledged. Brother Kendrick, of Providence, sent his check for \$100, and Brother Philip Reynolds, of North Bridgewater, a donation of one of his excellent cabinet organs. At the concert and sale \$350 were cleared. They recently obtained a good bell, and with a little help from abroad would now be greatly encouraged.

At South Abington a promising new movement is started, a wealthy gentleman having offered a hall warmed and lighted for Methodist preaching.

Falmouth has been blessed with touchings of divine power. Brother Keyes, of Weymouth, has been laboring there. The public conscience has been enlightened, the Church quickened, backsliders reclaimed, and sinners converted. Three persons were baptized last night, and the work goes bravely on. The Lord leadeth.

The Lord is very graciously pouring out His Spirit upon the State Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Springfield. There have been between thirty and forty conversions since the new year came in. The old man of 70 and the child of 12 years have alike found in Jesus just the Saviour they needed, while many men and their wives sought the Lord together, and together united with the Church. There have been about 100 accessions to the Church since last Conference. The congregations are large, the members encouraged, united, earnest and active. The good work still goes on.

The Lord continues to pour out His Spirit in Taunton. At the First Methodist Episcopal Church nearly 100 have professed pardon through the atoning blood of Christ, many of them heads of families. Rev. L. E. Cushman, of Lawrence, Mass., rendered the pastor efficient aid for one week. The Central Methodist Episcopal Church is sharing largely in the precious revival spirit. Between 30 and 40 have already sought and found the Saviour. Still the interest deepens, and the work is spreading to the regions round about.

At North Bridgewater several have been coming to the Lord together. It is fast becoming one of our first appointments. Brother House serves as representative this winter, and is abundant in labors. The Providence Conference convenes at this place, March 25.

Brother Phillips, of West Duxbury charge, organized a united effort of our pastors in holding four days' meetings. It has the right ring, and has resulted in good. We need more of it in this hard Old Colony soil.

Our Church in Middleboro', Rev. S. J. Carroll, pastor, is enjoying a good revival interest; sixteen conversions have occurred, and the work still progresses.

The Methodist Churches on Cape Ann are closing the Conference year amid great prosperity. Rev. C. A. Merrill found the Society at Rockport sinking beneath a crushing debt, and without appealing to the "Church and Society," or proclaiming the poverty of his people to other churches, he toiled and prayed day and night to save his Church; and notwithstanding the society was discouraged, and the business of the town very dull, yet he has succeeded in placing the society on a strong financial basis. The spiritual condition of the Church is also greatly improved. At Bay View, under the labors of Rev. A. J. Hall, a beautiful parsonage has been built near the church. Bro. Hall is loved very much by his people. A gracious revival is in progress, many have been saved, and others are seeking Christ. Bro. H. has also established a successful mission at Squam Village, where several hundred interested worshippers gather every week.

Bro. John Capen, of the Riverside charge, with his efficient wife, has already won the entire love and confidence of his people; many souls have been greatly revived, some reclaimed, and others soundly converted. At the Elm St. Church, at Gloucester Harbor, scores are seeking salvation, and more than 70 have been truly converted in answer to the united and persistent prayers of pastor and people. It has been furthered by the labors of the Lynn Praying Band and the neighboring pastors.

Cape Ann has suffered severely during the past year. By the storm of August 24, 127 men from Gloucester were lost, and a large amount of shipping destroyed; the loss of life and property was estimated at \$1,000,000. A large portion of the business men of the city, and the great money panic caused for several weeks an almost entire suspension of business. These have been felt severely by all our societies, yet our overflowing Churches, the great numbers seeking Christ and the higher and better life, and a generous advance in our benevolent collections, show our hearts with thanksgiving to God, and indicate both spiritual and financial prosperity.

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Dr. E. Clark and Brother B. M. Eastman, with their wives and families, left for California to be absent about three months. They go via the Isthmus, and return by the railroad. The prayers of the Church will ascend to God for their safety and restoration to health.

The last monthly meeting for the promotion of business was held at Pine Street, Portland, last Monday afternoon and evening. The meeting was most prominent, consecration, purity and preparation to work for Christ. Rev. A. S. Ladd, of Biddeford, preached an excellent sermon.

Rev. B. Freeman, of Cape Elizabeth Ferry, reports several conversions in his Church since New Year's.

The Scandinavians of Portland have secured the services of Rev. Peter Smith, of Providence, R. I., who is laboring with great success among his countrymen. Arrangements have been made with the Y. M. C. A. to hold services for the present in the Association room.

The revival interest continues without abatement in the Congress Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Portland.

Strong is enjoying an increased religious prosperity. Extra meetings are held, and several persons have become interested for the welfare of their souls, among them some heads of families. The Sunday-school is prospering finely. Nearly the whole parish attend its sessions.

Our Church at Lisbon Factory has received refreshing showers of grace. Extra means have been used, and the labors of the Church and pastor greatly blessed.

The scarlet fever is raging in Phillips and Madrid. Many children and youth have died—the family of the pastor of the Methodist Church suffering from the disease, but none have died.

Waterbury, Me., is sharing in the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The Baptist and Methodist Churches have had meetings nearly every evening since New Year's, and wanderers have been restored, and sinners converted. Additions are made to the churches at each communion.

There is a great work going on at Fishon's Ferry, some ten miles from Waterbury, 163 witnessing for Christ recently, after the sermon by the preacher.

At Somerset Mills the work is going on under Brother Gerry.

Brother H. B. Abbott is working hard, and enjoying prosperity at Fairfield.

A gracious revival is going on at Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner, the pastors assisted by Rev. Mr. Earle. All glory be to Jesus.

The Portland District Ministerial Association held an interesting session in South Berwick, Feb. 22. The previous evening a profitable social meeting was conducted by L. Luce, our Presiding Elder. Brother Luce stated that in a large number of the charges on his district, special outpourings of the Spirit and ingatherings of souls were gladdening the hearts of God's people. In some, especially in the Congress Street Church, Portland, very powerful and extensive revivals are in progress.

Tuesday morning the Association was organized by the choice of L. Luce, president, and A. S. Ladd, secretary. The weather was unpropitious, the severest storm of the season was raging, and consequently the attendance was small. Carefully prepared essays were read by H. B. Mitchell, on "Do the Scriptures teach a Final Judgment?" J. Lord, on the "Humanity of Christ;" A. S. Ladd, on "Does Scientific Knowledge tend to Weaken the Faith of the Masses in the Scriptures?" J. Gibson, on "Was it Possible for Christ to Yield to Temptation and Sin?"—all which were sharply and yet kindly criticized. Other practical themes were discussed at some length.

It was voted that the pastors who shall be stationed another year at Kennebec and Kennebec Depot, with the Presiding Elder, shall be a committee to prepare a programme, and fix the time and place for the next session.

If the weather was cold, the hospitality of the South Berwick friends was warm. Bro. Mitchell is closing up a successful pastorate on this charge. An embarrassing debt has been removed, and encouraging accessions have been made to the membership, and the Sunday-school interest has been well cared for. The next pastor there will find his way well prepared.

Biddeford, Feb. 13.

Maine.—Six happy converts received the ordinance of baptism at a recent Quarterly Meeting held at Belfast.

Rhode Island.—At the dedication of the beautiful vestry of the new Hope Street Church, Providence, a large and able congregation was present. The dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. J. T. Talbot, D. D., our efficient and popular Presiding Elder. In the afternoon another excellent sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. A. J. Church. The dedication has evidently been accepted, for God is honoring this new place of worship with the presence of His Spirit, and many are seeking salvation, and most of them have found peace in believing. Most of the meetings have been conducted by the pastor, though he was for a week supported with the very valuable assistance of Rev. Mr. Montgomery of New Hampshire. The Rev. Mrs. Gustin has also been a great help, by her labors on two or three evenings.

At Broadway, also, there has been an excellent degree of religious interest for a long time past. Fifty penitents have been at the altar since January 1, and almost all of them have been converted. Last Sabbath, twelve joined on probation, five were baptized, and four united with the Church. A very gratifying feature of the interest in this society is that most of the converts are men, some of them heads of families. The pastor, Rev. J. E. Hawkins, has had no outside help.

At our other churches there is a greatly increased degree of spiritual prosperity. The "signs of the times" are eminently encouraging. From old Chestnut Street to young Agassiz, our Methodism is moving more vigorously than for many months.

The revivals at Warren and Bristol still continue with unabated power. At the latter a goodly number have sought and obtained full salvation, and conversions have taken place. Since New Year's more than fifty have been at the altar as seekers, most of whom have professed conversion.

Norwich District.—With a long acquaintance on the territory of Norwich District, I have never known so many and such extensive revivals as at the present time. There are but very few places out of the 56 where we have preaching that have had no conversions—some in almost all; and in several, large numbers have found the Saviour. Already (including those converted at Wilbur, camp-meeting), as many as 500 have professed conversion during the last five months.

One interesting feature in these revivals is, that in several places where the churches seemed to be wanting, and "ready to die," they have been strengthened and the Lord's people encouraged to go on to future conflicts, strong in the belief of permanence and victory.

Geo. W. Brewster.

New Hampshire.—Many leading appointments in this Conference will give up their old pastors and receive new ones. Some will move at the end of the third year, others choose to go at the end of the second. At Nashua (Main Street), Concord, Keene, Lawrence (Garden Street), Dover, Rochester, changes will occur.

There have been some gracious revivals in Claremont District this winter. At Keene, souls are still coming to the Saviour every week, and a multitude of young converts witness a good profession.

At Marlboro', where the Methodist and Congregational Churches have been united in holding extra meetings since the Week of Prayer, some seventy souls have found salvation. Rev. A. K. Howard, the Methodist pastor, has been greatly prospered during his year.

At Peterboro', South Acworth, and Richmond, there have been gracious outpourings of the divine Spirit.

Few men in the Presiding Elderhood, do more hard work for promoting revivals, than Rev. M. T. Cilly has done, and he now doing his district, preaching night after night in small towns and large ones. Especially to the weak churches he has carried God's message, stopping a week at a time, showing himself an evangelist as well as a Presiding Elder. Abundant success has attended his labors.

Rev. Ira Taggart, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Marlow, received recently a present from the society of \$90.

Brother C. V. Doe and wife, of the Methodist Church in Newmarket, celebrated the fifth anniversary of their marriage on the 28th of January, \$150 worth of valuable presents reminding them that this is not altogether an unfruitful world. His pastor, Rev. O. W. Scott, made a neat speech on the occasion. Mrs. O. W. Scott read an excellent poem.

A raid was made upon the liquor sellers in Great Falls, last week, seven being arraigned and held for trial; and five liquor sellers in Exeter, Wednesday, on complaint of Rev. B. F. McDaniel.

Our Baptist friends held a missionary convention in Concord, the 11th, in the interests of the American Baptist Union. The home work of the missionary society was a prominent topic under consideration.

Vermont.—The Montpelier District Preachers' Association met at Northfield January 20. An unusually large number of ministers were present, and the meeting was regarded by some as the best they had ever attended.

Rev. J. W. Merrill, of Ripton, has met with deserved success in his field of labor among the Scandinavians. His addresses have been made to the membership, and others have been greatly benefited. The material interests of the charge are also showing many signs of prosperity.

At a late quarterly meeting in Albion, the pastor, Rev. W. H. Hyde, reported 64 additions to the Church during the quarter. Three were baptized, and three received on probation. Two young men were licensed to preach, and one to exhort. A praying band has been formed, and is doing good work for the Master.

The work of divine grace still continues with increasing importance, at St. Albans Bay, Vt. Some forty have been saved in Christ; many others are coming. Brother Nichols is yet with us in his abundant labors of love. The Church has received a new baptism of power from God.

Our Church at Barre is to be supplied till Conference by the preachers of the Montpelier District.

The Second District Conference on the St. Johnsbury District is to be held at West Burke, March 10, 11 and 12. The general interests of that district are reported to be most encouraging.

Rev. P. N. Granger has been re-appointed agent of the State Temperance Society. He is giving great satisfaction to the Society and the friends of the cause throughout the State.

The new Methodist Episcopal churches at Shelburne and North Ferrisburgh are to be dedicated on the 25th and 26th respectively. Bishops Ames and Jones are expected to officiate.

The District parsonage for the Burlington District has been purchased in Brandon.

A revival is reported in Fairhaven, Rev. L. S. Walker, pastor.

Considerable interest has been excited in the Shelburne, in the course of temperance. A society has been organized which holds monthly meetings on Sabbath evenings, and nearly a hundred persons have already signed the pledge.

Rev. B. Priddy, during his pastorate of nearly two years in Sheffield, has received into the Methodist Episcopal Church 20 from probation, 3 by letter, and 25 on probation.

At Moore's, New York, a Conference under the labors of Rev. T. Kelly, over 250 professed to be converted, 157 joining on probation.

At Albion, Vermont Conference, revival commenced at the camp-meeting in September, and probably 150 have professed conversion. The work is still going forward. The Church has been repaired, and was re-opened New Year's day.

Quite an interesting revival is now in progress at the Methodist Episcopal Church, St. Albans, Vt., under the charge of Rev. A. C. Stevens. Meetings are held every evening, and we hope for a glorious work.

GENERAL.

The new Methodist church at Belchertown was dedicated on the 11th.

The Washington correspondent of the *Central Christian Advocate* writes: "A few days ago I called on Rev. Henry Slicer, D. D., for the last sixteen months confined to his home, in Baltimore. To all human appearances he will soon close up his work for this life. His disease is a prostration of the muscular and physical system, leaving him perfectly helpless. His mind is clear, he is joyous in hope, and waiting for his change, with not a cloud between him and a triumphal entry into eternal bliss."

We acknowledge our obligations to Dr. Hoyt, of the *Western Christian Advocate*, for a slip containing proceedings of the annual meeting of the Book Committee. We stop the press simply to announce that the committee elected Rev. E. Q. Fuller, D. D., to be the successor of Dr. Cobleigh, as editor of the *Methodist Advocate* at Atlanta.

Letter from Casnovia, N. Y.

An interesting revival is in progress in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Casnovia, under the pastor, Rev. M. Gibson, who is full of zeal in the service of the Master. About 120 have sought the Saviour, the greater part of whom testify of sins forgiven.

The students of the seminary unite heartily with the Church, and many of them are participants in saving grace. Thirty-two have received baptism and five united with the Church.

This revival has resulted directly from the efforts of the people in building a house to his name, which was dedicated Dec. 17, the sermon in the morning by Dr. Reid, Secretary of the Missionary Society, and in the evening by Bishop Peck, which were very interesting and impressive. The building is brick, neatly trimmed with red sandstone. The audience room seats nearly 1,000, is handsomely frescoed, and furnished in black walnut, and furnished with a new and elegant organ costing \$1,000. The vestry, ladies' parlor, and class rooms, are neatly carpeted, and completely furnished. The cost of the whole was upwards of \$35,000, and the sacrifice attending its erection has been great. Though the membership is quite large, yet they are poor, many dependent on their daily wages.

Two years ago, when this enterprise began, twenty men, whose assessment was only \$25,000, subscribed \$15,000; and thus the work progressed with a consecration of all to God, and it has resulted in a glorious triumph. A debt of \$15,000 was raised on the day of dedication, the determination of the people being to present to the Lord a house free of all incumbrance. The raising of so large an amount by those already so heavily taxed, astonished the townspeople that one of them was heard to exclaim that "the best thing the government could do with the national debt, would be to place it in the hands of the Methodists, and they would pay it at once by subscription." Thus God has signally blessed His people both temporally and spiritually, and we are looking for still greater manifestations of His favor.

Our seminary was never in a more flourishing condition. The boarding hall is filled to overflowing, and most of the available rooms in the village are taken. Hand in hand walk religion and education, and many who come here to cultivate the mind, are constrained to seek the higher realm, a renewed heart.

A revival has been in progress in University Methodist Episcopal Church, in this city, for several weeks. Students of the University and citizens are sharing in the gracious influences; while the spiritual life of members is being advanced by many prominent citizens and clergy to be a gracious and powerful work of God. Justice demands the statement that the way had been prepared for it, at, by the union of the members of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, to which we refer in a former letter. This glorious meeting really heralded, if it was not itself the beginning of the revival; 2d, the Protestant clergy, except the Episcopalians and Unitarians, held meetings "to secure a better observance of the Lord's Day," thus bringing the leaders in Israel into more fraternal relations; 3d, the "Evangelical Alliance" was repeated, and believers in mass apostasy and his redemption by Jesus Christ, the necessity of his regeneration through the renewal of the Holy Ghost, met together to converse and pray for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. In this way there was preparation unwittingly made for the advent of Mr. Hammond, the earnest and successful evangelist, who came by invitation of quite a number of clergymen to this city. His meetings, which have continued now three weeks, are marked by signal manifestations of converting grace. It is safe to declare that hundreds have been greatly revived, and large numbers declare they have found Jesus. This work is not, however, nor do we witness such ebbing of rebellious hearts as is frequently seen at camp-meetings, and even at some protracted meetings; but no man can candidly deny the blessed fact that many have sincerely repented of sin and found the Saviour precious. There is also a great reformation of manners, and a general awakening of interest in religion on almost every side. To God alone be glory. Mr. Hammond's labors are very arduous, his spirit is undoubtedly sincere and earnest, and God is with him, and thousands assemble, night after night, to listen to his messages of salvation. Let the Church unite in prayer that this great city of 400,000 inhabitants may be brought to Christ.

So marked is the interest that two or three meetings are held simultaneously to accommodate the multitudes. Infidels, gamblers and prostitutes are coming to Him who is mighty to save; merchants and bankers also are found in the meetings for prayer from 9 to 10.30 A. M. each day. "Brethren, pray for us."

At the Methodist Preachers' Meeting, February 2, at the new Book Concern in this city, German Churches were reported as sharing richly in the revival. Revs. Brothers Van Ande, Williams and Walker, of the Union, Central, and Trinity Methodist Episcopal Churches, each reported revivals in their charges. Brothers Van Ande and Williams have labored under some disadvantages, but the Conference year has expired before they were able to reach their Churches.

H. S. STUBBS.

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The March of Miles Standish.

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A historic scene, representing eight Pilgrims

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Hobomok, for a scout, marching from the

barren coast of Plymouth Bay to quell

a hostile demonstration of Indians.

Longfellow alludes to this

incident in the follow-

ing lines:—

"Figures ten in the mist marched slowly out of the village;—

Standish, the stalwart, it was, with eight of his valorous army,

Led by their Indian guide—by Hobomok, friend of the white men!—

Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savages.

Giants they seemed in the mist, or mighty men of King David;

Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible."

—

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